

Bye Felicia!

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Category: Hetalia - Axis Powers

Genre: Humor, Parody

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 23:32:41

Updated: 2016-04-15 23:32:41

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:22:52

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 412

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: In which Felicia Vargas goes to a cafe, and the barista makes punny reference. Very short one-shot, fluffy, light Ameita. Fem!Italy. Human AU.

Bye Felicia!

**\*\*AN:** Hello everybody! This is a fun fluffy one-shot thing with light Ameita! If you get the reference, then you are a rock star  
:D\*\*

â€¦

\_Click-click-click. \_

A certain Italian woman by the name of Felicia Vargas walked along the sidewalk in her heels to her favorite cafe, Starbucks.

Another day, another latte.

The bells on the entry door chimed as she pushed it open, signaling her entrance.

At this time of day, there was not many other customers around, and only one barista at the counter.

Giving his signature Hollywood grin, he greeted her with a casual, "Welcome to Starbucks! How may I help you today, miss?"

A tinkling laugh escaped Felicia's lips at the barista's antics. He already knew what she wanted. She came every day at the same exact time to the same exact server.

"The usual latte as always, \_Alfredo." \_

He smiled even wider (which shouldn't even have been possible without him looking like a deranged lunatic) and replied, "Of course. How

could I forget?" With that, he turned around and busied himself with readying her order.

She pulled out a chair from a nearby table to sit down and wait for her drink. While waiting, she took out her phone from her purse and checked the time. 30 more minutes 'til she had to get to the office. She would definitely make it, it wasn't far from hereâ€|

"Order for Felicia! Order for the beautiful Miss Felicia!" Felicia snapped her head up at the sound of the voice, finding Alfred popped out in front of the counter, proudly presenting her drink as if it was the best coffee he ever made. That couldn't be true though, because Alfred surely had to whip up even more difficult drinks to make.

Nonetheless, she took her coffee and paid for it.

Felicia gave an amiable smile to Alfred.

"\_Addio, Alfredo, \_and \_grazie \_for the coffee!" she thanked.

Alfred chuckled. "It's no problem at all."

He smirked.

"...bye Felicia."

And with that, Alfred F. Jones went down in a fit of laughter as his customer Felicia just stared at him.

And sighed.

"Not this again, \_Alfredoâ€|" \_

"Sorry Feli-" another snicker - "I couldn't resist!"

Felicia rolled her eyes, but couldn't stop the upturn of her delicate lips from Alfred.

"Well, at any rate, I'm going, \_Alfredo. Ciao," \_she waved goodbye and walked out the door.

Alfred watched her go and chuckled.

"...bye Felicia."

â€|

\*\*AN: Hope you liked this! "Bye Felicia"\*\*

End  
file.